To his Grace

JAMES

Duke of *Ormond*, &c, Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*,
On his return to that Government.

NOt that the Soul of Poeſy was flown,
Or wanted Argument to Work upon;
Or that the Air was thick, or that the Muſe
Was cramm'd with eaſe, or bedrid with diſuſe,
Has ſhe kept ſtate, or Chamber, all this while,
Or as 'twas thought by ſome, forſook the Iſle;
But that ſhe mis't, ſince your departure hence,
Her Patron, and his wonted influence.
Baniſht from *Plato*'s Comonwealth, and from
Saint *Auſtin*'s City, wanting You at home,
What could ſhe doe? ſhe rov'd or'e ground vntrod,
Dark as her Fancie, neither track, nor rode;
Till tir'd with notions, ſatisfied with none,
She fancy'd an Idea of her owne.
A man, of *Plato*'s grand Nobility,
An imbred greatneſs, innate honeſty;
A man, not fram'd of Accidents; And whom,
Misfortune might oppreſs, not overcome:
One, who lov'd vertue for her ſelf; and ſtill
Was good, not by neceſſity, but will:
Who did, but what he ought; what's juſt, and fit;
And never biaſt by an Appetite:
Who weigh'd himſelf, not by Opinion,
But Conſcience of a Worthy action:

Who

Who, like the Sun, by how much higher, the leſs
His ſhaddow: Who never vs'd power, to oppreſs:
A man! who might (in this) with *Cæſar* vye,
Forgetting nothing, but an injury.
Rap't in that melancholy trance, ſhe heard
The Name of *Ormond!* At that mighty word,
She ſtretcht; and fell to ruminate her dream,
Not gueſſing yet, whence ſhe had took the theam;
'Till calling in her *Spirits*, at next view
Found, 't was no more, than what ſh'ad ſketcht from You.
You! than in whom (Great Sir) *Achilles* Shield
Did not more Multitude, nor Mixture yield,
Nor better put together: As in Paint,
'Tis not a ſingle Colour makes the Saint,
Nor all, if not well mingled; There muſt be,
Proportion too, and correſpondency:
Such is Your chain of Vertues; What elſewhere
Lay looſe, and ſcatter'd, are conſtellat here;
And thoſe, ſo truely linkt, 'tis hard to tell
What's wanting, or, what vnagreeable.
What but a ſoul ſo fram'd, had ever dar'd
Stemme the late Torrent, and have not deſpair'd
His Maſters fortune? What? what but a breaſt
Lin'd through with *Cato*, durſt have ſtood the Teſt?
Or would not, when the Sun did diſappear,
Have kiſt his hand unto a Meteor?
Such too, were You; You! who almoſt alone,
Durſt graſp a *Spear*, and vnderprop a Crown;
Durſt, Loyalty (when't was a Crime) retrive,
And force it back to its forſaken Hive.
But, what am I, who thus perſume to raiſe
A Trophy, to Your memory, not praiſe:
Your Vrne muſt bloom; And that laſt Duſt ſtand ſafe,
Which has two Kingdoms for an Epitaph:
Nor can it, till the *Sea* gives up its dead,
But *Oſſory*, and *Arran*, muſt be read:
Yet—while You fill the Land, Your Sons the Sea;
Where! where (Alas!) ſhall the next *Ormond* be?

He

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He muſt, like *Sultans*, who themſelves allow
To build no *Moſche*, but what their Swords endow,
He muſt enlarge, or ſweat for want of roome,
And croud himſelf within his Grandſires Tombe.
Tombe! Let it not be nam'd; The Sound's too Sharp;
May You, yet live, to tune our jarring Harp;
Sweeten her ſtrings, and make the World confeſs
Diſcords, make Muſick more, but Kingdomes leſs:
May Your return, like the encreaſe of *Nile*,
Bode the like happy Omen to this Iſle:
Long may You ſhine, a Star in CHARLES his Wain,
And, diſarm'd Fortune, make attaques in vain:
Be, like the vpper Region ſecur'd;
Not ſhook by Thunder, nor by Clouds obſcur'd:
Thus live; Thus ſhine; Thus, Ages read your ſtory;
And, to Crown all, Exchange Your Grace, for Glory.

J. Wilson.

- 5. APR. 1963

Mrs Wilton's Poem to my
L. Duke.